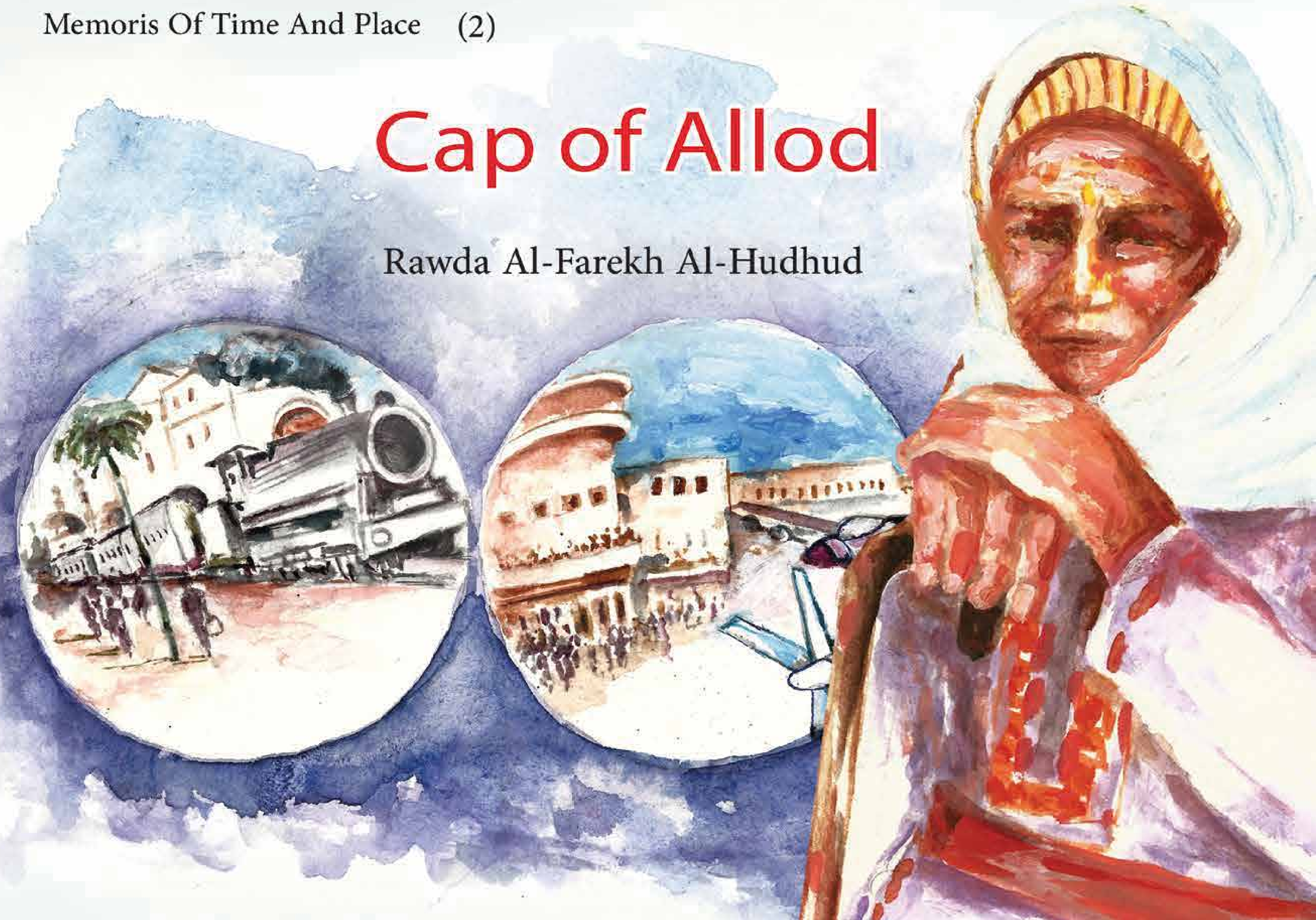
Memoris Of Time And Place (2)

Cap of Allod

Rawda Al-Farekh Al-Hudhud



MEMORIES OF TIME AND PLACE (2)

Cap of Allod

Rawda Al-Farekh Al-Hudhud

Translated by : Tala Al-Zarraq.

Edited by : Dima Al-Tamimi, Isra'a Radwan.

DEDICATION

To my late aunt ' Bakreyya's' family , and their grandmother ' Um Mahmoud' , who suffered in the forced migration from Allod to Ramallah, a greater deal hardships, and difficulties more than anyone could imagine.

To those who suffered in forced migration from the Palestinian lands, I say,

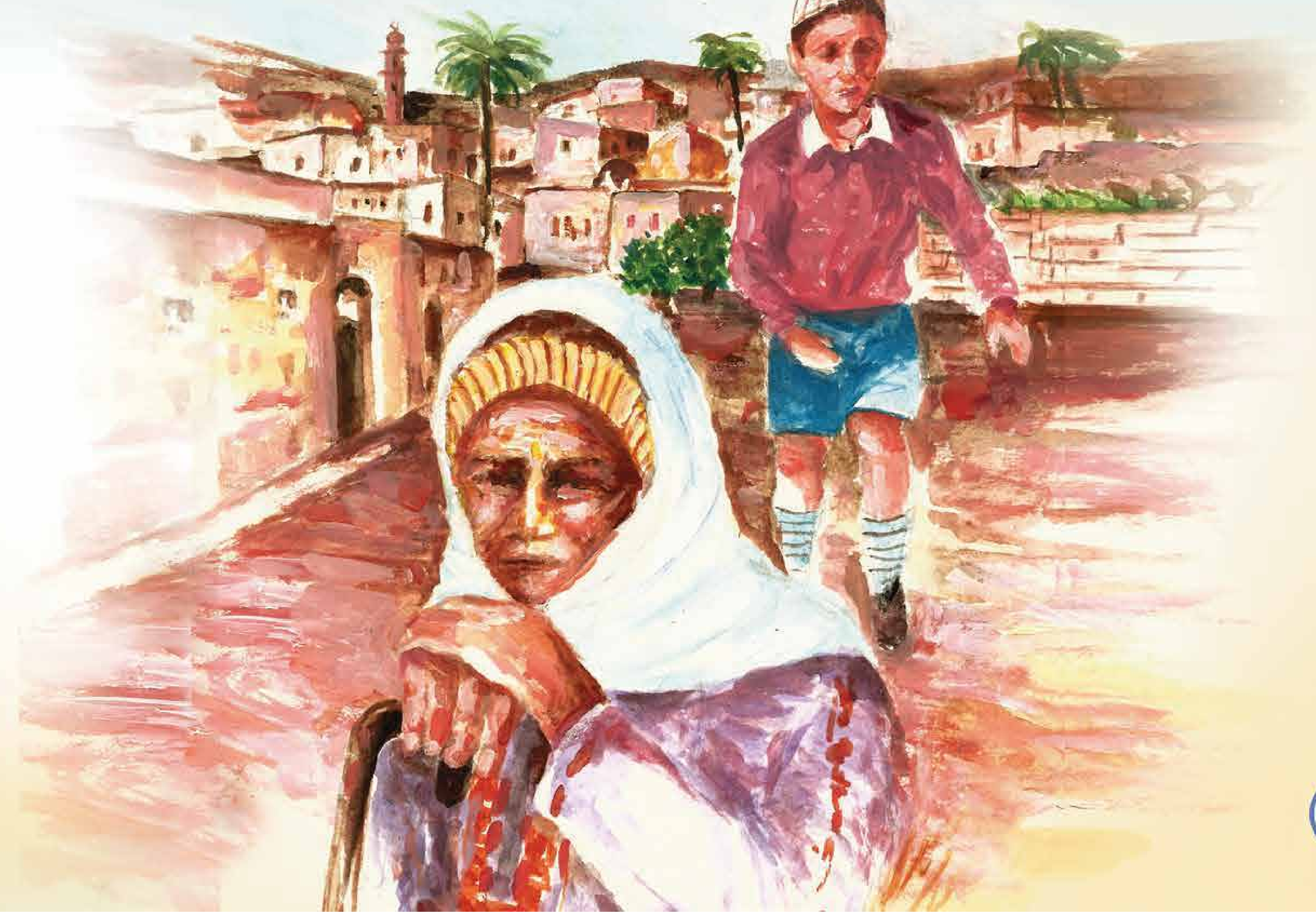
"Mark your history , verbal history is what gives this case its history, justice and the injustice of its enemy."

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

In The Name Of Allah
The Most Merciful
The Most Compassionate



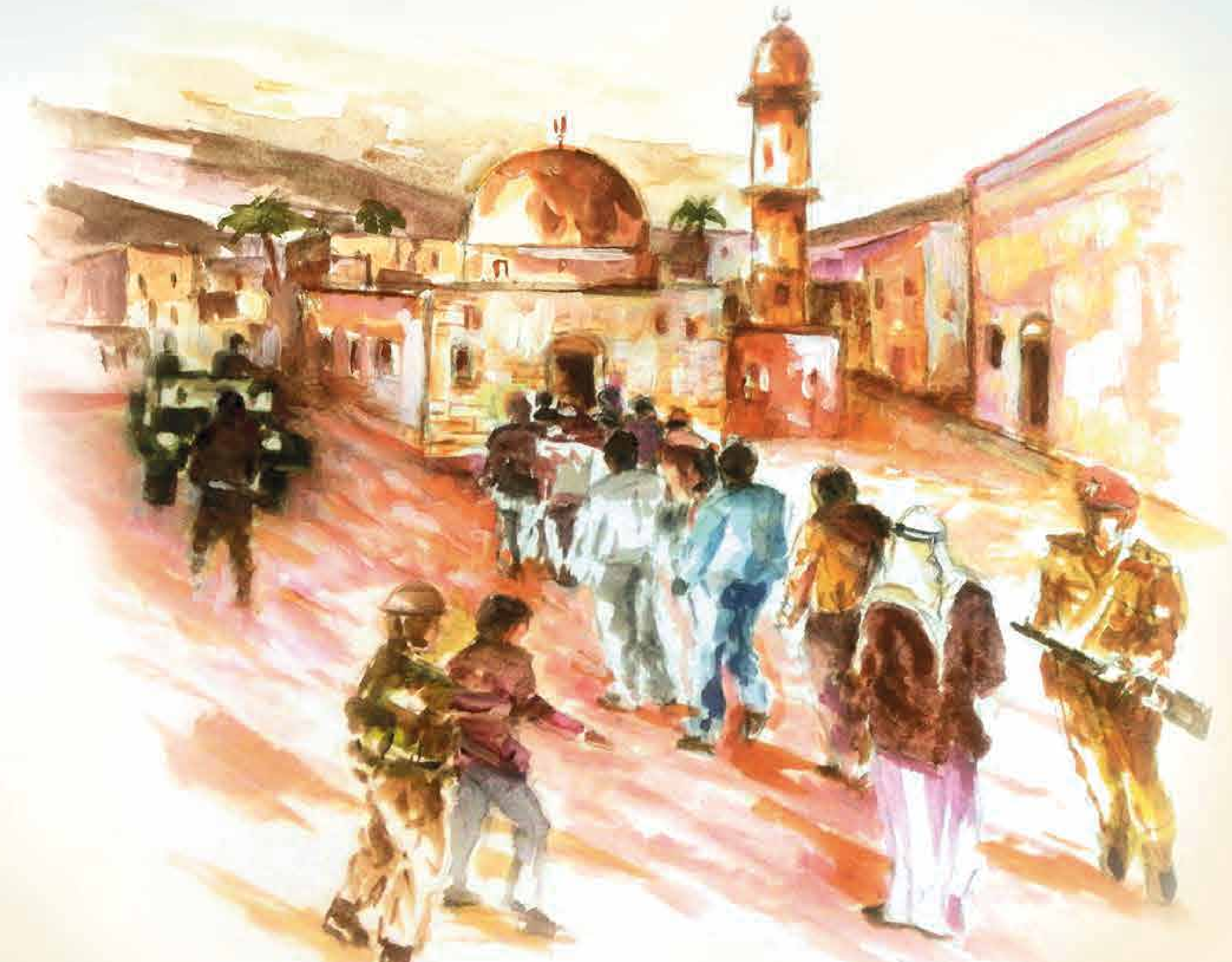
Every time Yossuf put a hat on his head, he remembers the famous story of his grandmother's cap.
Although Yossuf did not see his grandmother Um Mahmoud, nor her cap, but the story of this cap was the most important story in the life of his family for many years.
On that day, and in the city of Allod, the sounds of bombs and bullets were everywhere, people were expecting a battle against the Jewish gunmen who were attacking the city. However, no one expected that these gunmen would get into the city and call its people out of their houses and evacuate the city immediately!!
Um Mahmoud's eyesight was weak, as she was using her hands to sense things instead of using her eye sight. On that day, she became more disturbed by the sounds of bombs and loudspeakers, and the voices of neighbors, as they started going out from their homes.



At that point she started looking for her cap that she placed underneath her mattress. And when she had found it, she tied it around her waist underneath her clothes with shaking hands. Her daughter in law Fatima was shouting at her children to leave their room obeying orders, once the violent banging on the door started, everyone froze; not knowing what to do!!

In less than an hour on that day, everyone in the city had left to the streets surrounding their houses. As for the men, the Israeli army ordered them to go to the Masjid to gather there! As for women and children, the Jewish gunmen ordered them to head East, outside the city!!

Um Mahmoud, her daughter-in-law Fatima, the boys, girls, and the neighbors of women and children headed east out of the city, while Mahmoud and the men from the neighbors went to the Masjid, each according to the instructions and orders!! The more gun shots are fired, the faster the people walk, and whenever a person slows down, and Israeli gunman pushes him with his rifle to never stop.



Dozens, but hundreds of people marched without carrying anything from their stuff, food or water, so did Um Mahmoud and all of her family and neighbors. Israeli planes hovered over their heads, threatening them in case they decided to go back.

Two hours later, Um Mahmoud was no longer able to drag her feet or lift them off the ground. She asked for a sip of water to moisten her lips, but she did not find any!. She looked around her to find that Fatima was dragging her legs as well. She looked at her sons and grandchildren, boys and girls, and they too, their steps were overburdened. She saw some people carrying their little children on their shoulders, then putting them down to walk while weeping. What should be done? Her feet's pain has grown bigger, and sweat filled her forehead and body, she barely pulled herself together, and hurried to keep up with her family, but a few minutes later, she could not walk any more. She fell on the side of the road, and no one noticed!

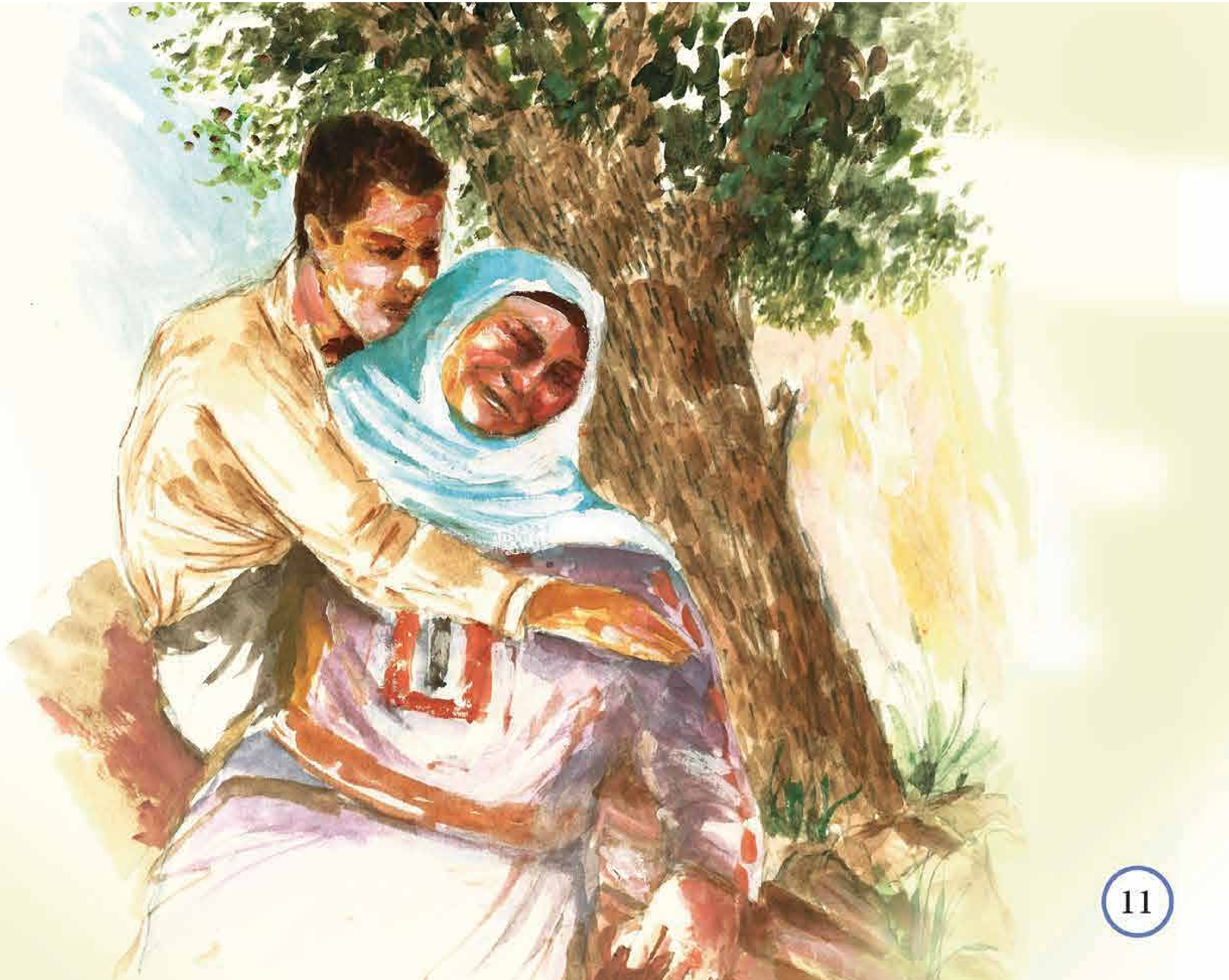


After a few minutes, Fatima noticed the absence of her mother in law "Um Mahmoud". Then she screamed at her eldest son, “where is your grandmother, Hamdan? Go and look for her..!”

Hamdan went back looking for her.

He got to his grandmother. Her eyes closed, not moving a hand or a leg. He started calling her name, shook her from her shoulders but no reaction appeared. No one was near him, everyone is walking ahead, and none of them is looking back. He cannot stay right next to her!!

He started thinking, and tried desperately to wake her up but it was in vain, she did not move. There, and fear filled his heart of staying alone, he moved his grandmother’s body under a tree’s shade, took a good look at the place to keep it in mind. Then, he ran to get to his mother, siblings and the crowd.



A day later, Fatima and her children arrived at a small village with some houses and farms. Hamdan knocked on the door of one of the houses, and saw a donkey nearby that house, and thought about asking the owner of the house to help him using his donkey to bring his grandmother, or her dead body from where he left her.

Right there, under the shade of the tree, after the body and feet relaxed, Um Mahmoud opened her weary eyes and moved them in all directions, seeing no one around her. She said to herself,

"Where am I now? And why am I here alone? Where are Fatima and the boys?!!"

When she remembered the sounds of bombs and bullets, and the loudspeakers warning the people of Allod "not to slow down while leaving their homes", she said to herself,

"That is why they took my husband, son, and the men of Allod to "Dahmash Masjid", they took them to kill them, to banish them.



These heroes tried to protect us and they couldn't ... The gangs of "Irgun and Huganah" were stronger than them and more armed, so they took them to Masjid Dahmash, and they expelled us women, boys, and children, in less than an hour, they expelled us from our homes and our beds, they banned us from taking anything of food and water.

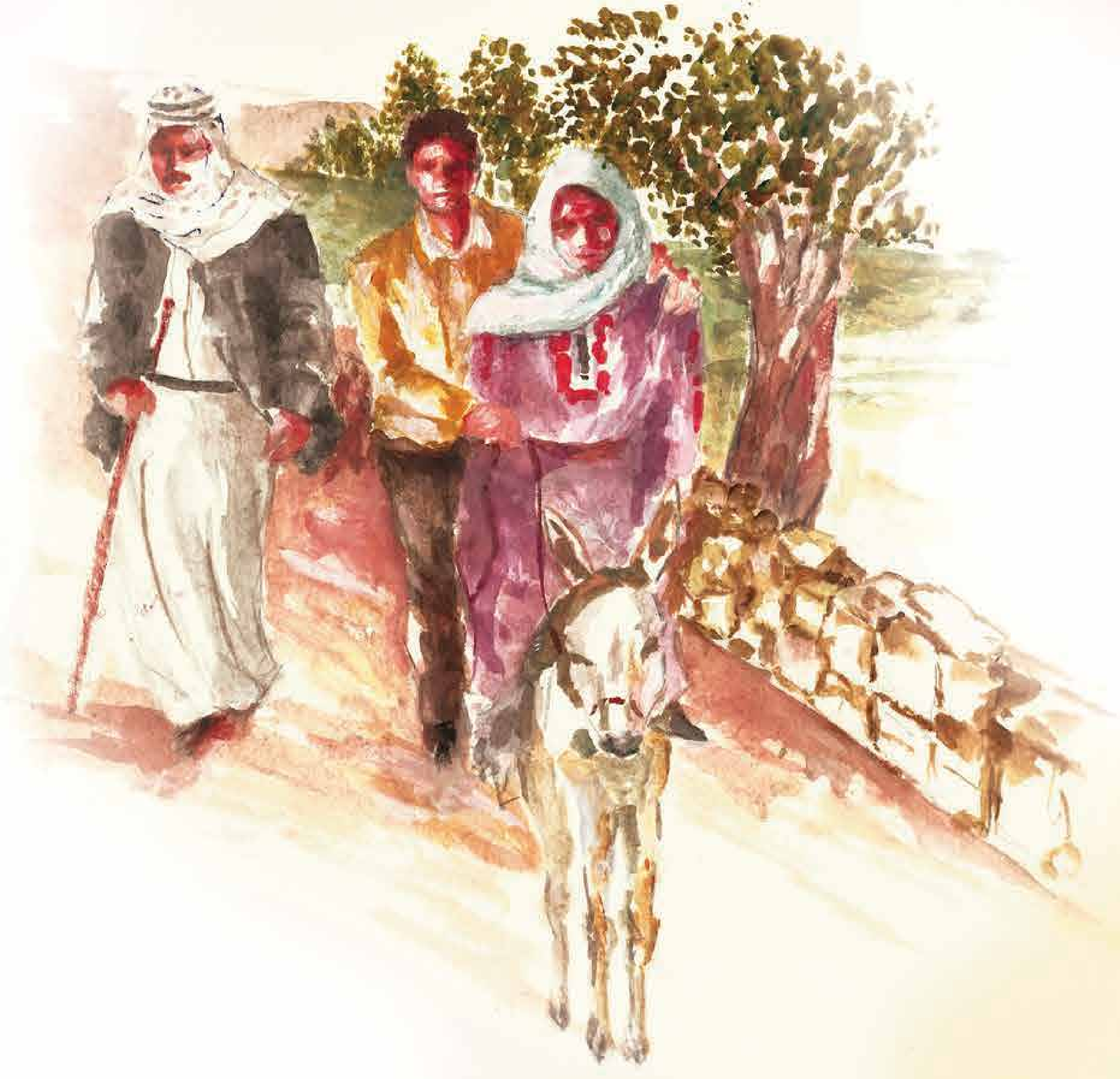
Um Mahmoud was wondering while shedding tears,

"Where are you now Fatima, Hamdan and the rest of my grandchildren? Why did you leave me here alone, won't any one get me a sip of water to quench my thirst?

If I were in my home in Allod I would drink and drink of the Zaibaq well, or from the well Abdul Rahman bin Auf. If I were in my home in Allod I would ride the train to any spot I want in the East, North, South and West of the country."



Her voice furiously rose even more as she was talking to herself,
"Not only this, if I were in my home in Allod, I would have boarded the plane from Allod airport- Palestine International Airport- which goes to every place on this Earth. So why should I now sit thirsty, hungry, on these rough stones? Where are my family, children and grandchildren? Will I die here alone without having a proper burial?"
Suddenly, Hamdan got to where he left his grandmother, and began calling out for her eagerly,
"Grandma, where are you? Do you hear me?!!"
A few minutes later, Hamdan's voice echoed to his grandmother, and she called him from a far distance, replying,
"Here I am, Hamdan, I hear you. Come to me ... I was waiting for you."
Hamdan rushed to where he saw the grandmother sitting, and in her bosom he wept with joy, and praised Allah that he found her alive. Hamdan carried his grandmother and settled her on the donkey, and the two returned; him and the owner of the house on foot to the house of the noble man.



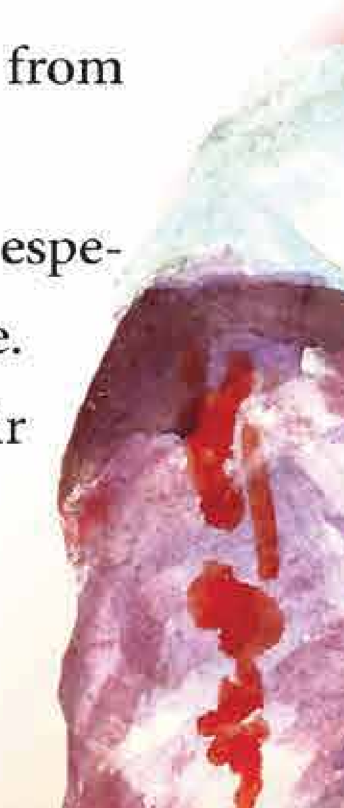
When Um Mahmoud entered the bathroom, she loosened her well-tied cap which was on her waist. It was no ordinary cap, it was a head cover with pieces of gold liras pinned to it, and this gold was all she and her husband had for years.

Um Mahmoud took the cap out, and looked at it for long. These gold liras were my marriage gift from my father, and this is the gift from my uncle, and that is from my maternal uncle. As for this, it is from my husband who worked hard to get it, may Allah have mercy upon him. I had saved all of my gifts and money to exchange them with gold liras to pin to my head cap. She held her cap tightly to her chest, then she hid it back on her waist ... “I don't know what fate has in store for us after we left our homes.”

Days, and months had passed by, and the family of Um Mahmoud awaits news from their city, which they left in a hurry.

Days and months had passed, and they are waiting to hear about the city's "men" especially Mahmoud. But all the news were bad, even worse than they would imagine.

The men were killed near the Masjid, and the Jews occupied the houses with their furniture, mattresses, beds, kitchens, and everything in them.





Jewish residents came from all over the world to dwell them, so there is no return for Um Mahmoud or her daughter in law or her children to Allod. How will they manage the hardships of their new lives?
As for the owner of the house, who saved Um Mahmoud, he was too poor to support anybody else but his family, how shall he feed this large number of people?!
Yossuf put his hand on his hat while smiling, my grandmother's cap, was just like a magical cap , whenever she takes a gold lira out of it, everyone gets back to life .
"Um Mahmoud" was more than generous towards the owner of the country house and his donkey the "savior". She was also giving towards his and her family. With good wit, she bought a small house where she and her family moved to.
She lived praising Allah for his blessings, sweet and sour, but she kept remembering her hometown of Allod with everything in it, its Masjids, church, water wells, railway station, inn, arena and its shops. As if she sees it right in front of her eyes.
She kept asking God for mercy for her father and prays for her martyr husband.
Um Mahmoud and her grandchildren kept dreaming of returning back to their home in Allod.

* The End*